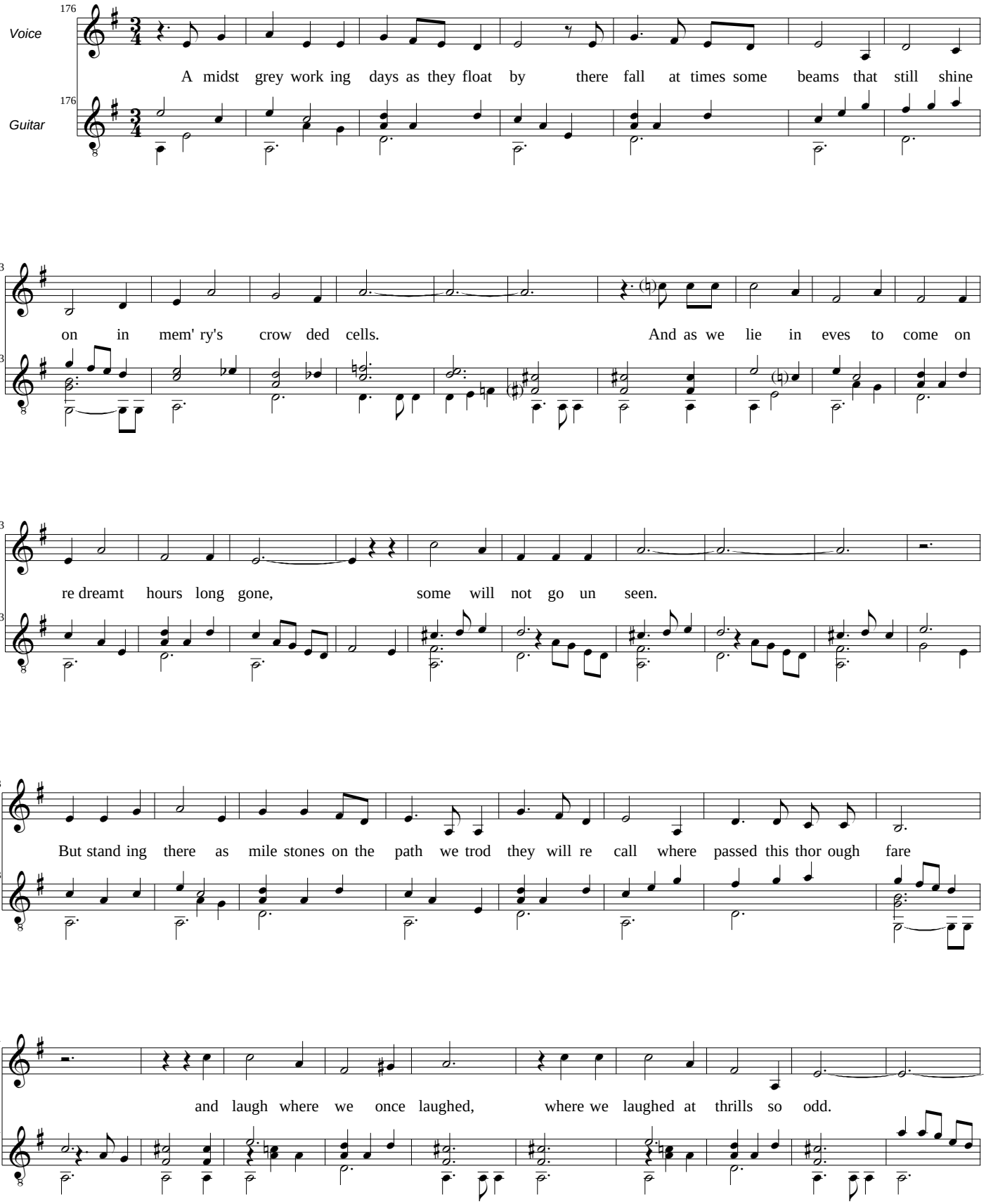
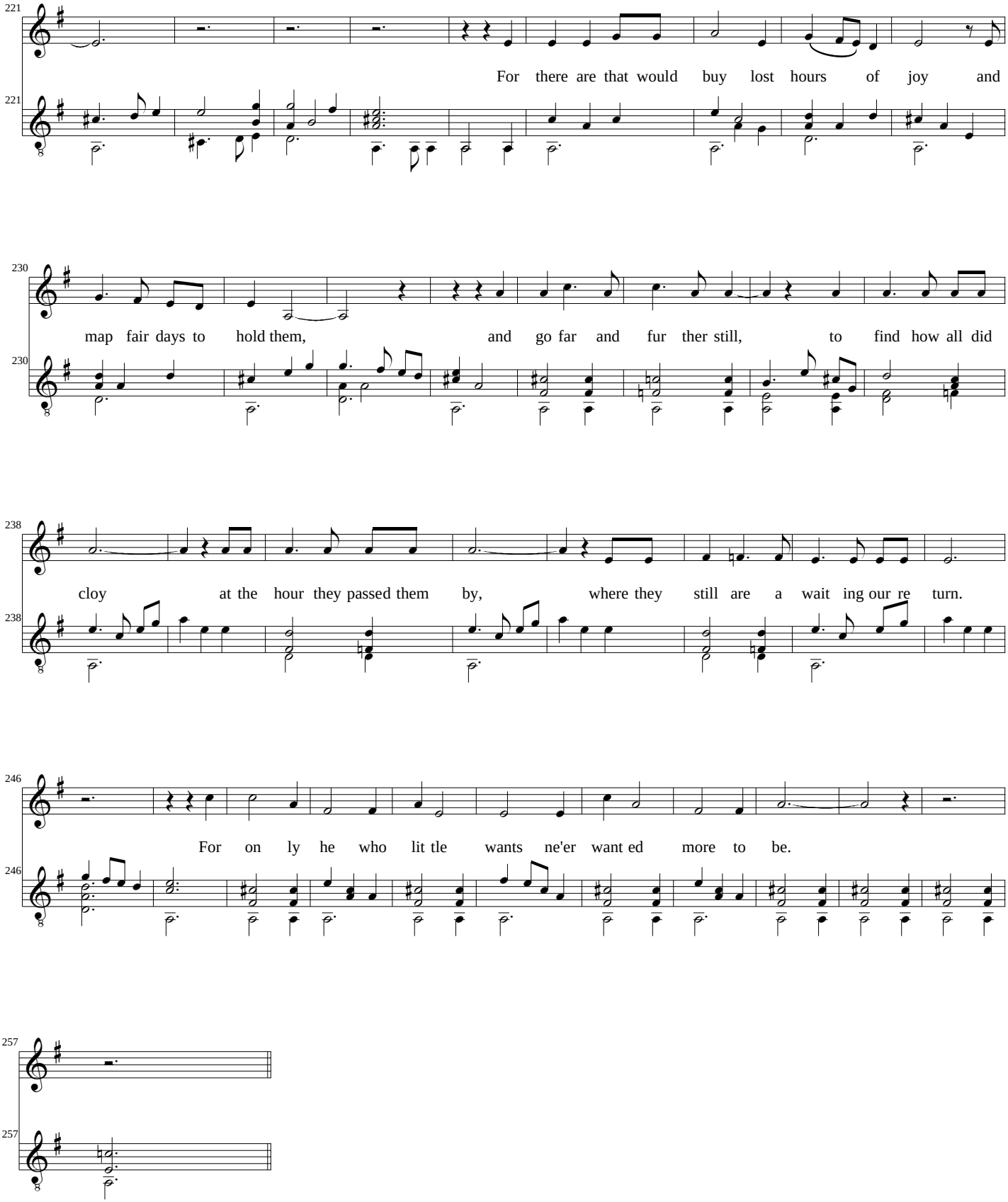

Voice
Guitar
176
A midst grey work ing days as they float by there fall at times some beams that still shine
183
on in mem' ry's crow ded cells. And as we lie in eves to come on
193
re dreamt hours long gone, some will not go un seen.
203
But stand ing there as mile stones on the path we trod they will re call where passed this thor ough fare
211
and laugh where we once laughed, where we laughed at thrills so odd.



Chorus in with bar 257